

to the present situation. Congratulations!—Pvt. P. Baltinis (trans. from Lith.). . . Your paper is most interesting. Depend on you to be creative. You always give so much to other people. —Foy Ingram.

REPORTED MISSING LT. ERNEST B. GASTON, II

Word was received by Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Gaston, that their son, Lt. Ernest "Barney" Gaston, was reported missing while piloting a Thunderbolt fighter plane over France.

Barney received his wings on February 8th at Williams Field, Chandler, Arizona. After further training as a Thunderbolt fighter pilot at Dover, Del., he was sent for over seas duty and reached England on June 5th.

Barney is a graduate of the School of Organic Education in 1942 and is a Washington Folk Festival Vet. He was a good dancer and an athlete, and was very well liked by the town's youth who considered him a pal of all. He owned all the fine traits so prominent among the Gaston clan.

It is our ardent prayer and hope that cheerful news will reach us soon that he was found hale and hearty. May the most merciful God grant it be so.

On Sept. 12th, special services commemorated the death of 22 Merchant Marines from this locality at the Mobile Legion Hall.

Of the 22 honored, 11 were but 16 years old, 6 were 17 and only 2 were above 20. The tragedy of it! Boys who hardly lived had to face a life time of horror and sorrow during those few dreadful moments ere the waters swept them away and hid them into its bosom. Indeed they are heroes and with their youth they protected us and our land with its liberties. God grant that these "mere boys" did not die in vain.

AMZINA ATILS

For the second time tragedy struck the Puckorius family when their second and only surviving son, Corp. Edw. J. Puckorius, was killed on his 22nd birthday, June 7th (second day of the Invasion) in Normandy. Eddy, like his brother Vytautas, who died a few years earlier, was a very winning, cultured and popular lad. He belonged to several Lithuanian organizations. Graduated Tilden Tech. and was a student at St. Vincent De Paul University (Chicago) when he was inducted. There will be many of my friends I'll see no more. But it is his grieving parents, who now are childless, God grant consolation to bear up in these, their heavy hours. Amzina atilsi broleli.

Beloved, let us love one another, for love is from God. And everyone who loves is born of God, and knows God. He who does not love does not know God; for God is love.

1st St. John - 4: 7 - 8

Steve showed up! . . . On Sept. 10th Fairhope beat another record 10.11 inches of rain (only 8" in Mobile). Boy, ain't we good? . . . Peggy Wood must have used the wrong line on my pal Edwin Droszcz, she tried to enchant him with an apple pie but his answer was "no", but they danced the Polish Hop. Edwin thought Fairhope to be the cleanest town in the South, with homes just like in Chicago. After all, if all Chicagoans and Iowans leave Fairhope, there will be no Fairhope. Peggy Wood is now in Valdosta "Joga" where she will study art at the Georgia College for women. . . Mr. and Mrs. Milan Northrop (she, Lorena Goodrich), are still showered with showers, the largest of which was held Sept. 8th at the Friends' (Quaker) Meeting Place. . . A much feted guest in Fairhope during the first weeks of September, was Miss Bettie Eckhardt, from Boulder, Colo., and sweetheart of Parker Totten. Miss Eckhardt made a sure hit with all the Fairhophians.

AS FOR MYSELF

The last period was a stormy one. Much has happened of the pleasant and bitter.

During the last days of August, I developed a bad case of shingles over my forehead and eyes. My left lid was swollen into mountain proportions, which blinded me. The cheek swollen, and the forehead broken out in ugly sores. I looked like a merry mess, not to mention the acute pain.

During that time of week I had the privilege of meeting Ben Ford Cooper of Robertsdale, Ala., uncle of Emma Hobbs, one of our pretty patients. Ben was here on a 30 day furlough. He is an Anzio Vet where he suffered severe injuries during the onslaught. He was hospitalized for many months. Now, he is the proud wearer of the Purple Heart, one Oak leaf cluster, 2 major battle stars, a Good Conduct medal and European campaign ribbon—all at the age of 20. And he saw plenty roughness out there. Ben is a fine lad and I'm looking forward for a continued friendship.

Of late, I had been contemplating on a move to the dry climate of the West. With that in mind, I left the sanatorium on Sept. 2nd. My Polski brother Edwin Droszcz, also came in from Chicago, and the following week was the happiest one in a long time. It was grand to see Ed. He was the last person I saw in Chicago a year ago to the week and we had much to talk about. The week sped by. It was good to see Fairhope and the many friends. Changes I noted few. Elizabeth Slaughter is more captivating, but I detected she lost her southern drawl. Tommy Nichols is now ready to slay the women with his handsome looks. I enjoyed meeting Robert Calhoun, now back to his former job as an instructor at the Organic. He was released on August 15th. He has been a Viltis reader for quite a while, but I didn't know him personally. I even saw Dr. Zeuch who is now in Mobile as an Educational Director for the CIO, and many, many more friends.

During that week of happiness, my intended venture was discarded as unwise and impractical, which, that I hated to admit, was true. Since I'd still be unable to earn any form of income and would still need an amount of care and attention, and knowing no one in Arizona, the venture would amount to a pretty penny, of which I have none to speak of, and Fairhope, after all, is home, where I have true and flawless friends. So . . . reluctantly I returned.

On Sept. 11th, a new church group, the Nazarenes, came to "entertain" us. The Assembly of God Church, every third Sunday, and other individual preachers are others who furnish us with spiritual food. The Nazarenes plan to come out every Monday. With all respect to their charity and zeal to keep our souls "saved", I think we get too much of it with nothing happier to counteract the morbidity imposed upon the patients who always seem to remain long faced after each "saving". Christianity is morbid. The sermons too hysteric and contain too much of hell and damnation. Too much of bearing the cross and getting nowhere with it. Too much of Lamb and blood that was shed and being shed and we are put to blame. Christianity is so engrossed in a blood saturated cross that it overlooks God, His Divine love, brotherhood of men and the observance of His commandments.

On the 12th, Dr. Alton O'Steen, director of the Fine Arts, Dept. at the U. of Ala., (Tuscaloosa), visited me. It sure was good to see him. Dr. and Mrs. O'Steen have been friends of Kazy and I for many years and I had the pleasure of working with him at various "Y" and other meets in various parts of the country.

This past month Kazy was a bit of a worry to me. He was on one of those "Missions", and that usually throws me into the dumps.

Otherwise, our group of "walkers" was increased to nearly a dozen, and we are now a regular army of T. B's. on the march. Everyone is friendly to me. The mothers and wives of the patients, or the patients themselves, remember me always with fruits or delicacies and we are all one big (even if not a happy) family.

Pasimatysim

Vyts - Flin.

NOOK OF THOUGHT

VEDANTA

Let all nature, both internal and external, be surcharged and saturated with the cosmic vibration of universal peace, love and friendship. Let the winds blow in all directions carrying from us the message of deepest faith, fellowship and understanding, for all beings in the Universe! Let the rivers flow, singing to all the sweetest melody of universal acceptance and tolerance! Let the sun overhead bathe us with celestial rays of mutual service and mutual appreciation! Let evenings and dawns, earth and sky, mountains and forests, beasts and birds, be filled and inspired with the sacred feeling of universal brotherhood. Let the sweet carols of birds and the soft rustling of leaves broadcast the joyous message of harmony and peace! Let every breath which flows from us create strong current of universal divine service for all beings!

Sw. Gnaneswarananda

LONGING

to

Aziz - Eyni

It always seems
That in my dreams
I with my arms
Embrace thy charms.
But dreams soon fade,
In tears I bathe.
Thus, in my sleep
I cry and weep.
Thou art not here
To dry my tear,
So I send thee
A wreath from me
Of verdant rue (1)
Refresh'd with dew.
Aye, dew of tears
And longing years.

V. F. Beliajus

(1) Rue-Ruta, National flower of Lith.

RECOGNITION

By R. H. Grenville

Stranger, your face is dark, your voice
is strange;
I do not know the land from which
you came;
Nothing about you is known to me,
Not even your name.

But suddenly you clasp my hand, you
smile,
And swiftly from my heart I answer
"Brother."

What matter that I have not learned
your name?

You need no other.

From Weekly Unity
Kansas City, Mo.

The glory of life is to love, not to be
loved;
To give, not to get;
To serve, not to be served;
To be a strong hand in the dark in the
time of need.
To be a cup of strength to any soul in a
crisis of weakness.

This is to know the glory of life.

Thanks to Robert McBroom
Toronto, Canada

IT'S THE TRUTH!

BURNING UP?

Chicago—Miss Margaret Mayhood became so excited because a man kissed her in a Near-North-Side Tavern, that she turned on the fire alarm.—To cool off, I reckon.

POPULAR

New York—Pvt. John K-Doe, APO 000 is getting mail.

The New York port of embarkation reports that some letters bearing that address, a sample printed to show how mail to servicemen should be addressed, have been received.

MAGIC

Pfc. Bill Graff of Los Angeles is practically king of one of the Solomon Islands. Bill is a yo-yo expert, and the natives became delighted by his talent.

Bill, they say, is the only genuine yo-yo in the South Pacific. And since he has become a demi-god to the natives he wont trade it for a Jap Samurai sword. He refuses to teach his pop-eyed admirers how to yo-yo. "They think I'm supernatural, so why disillusion them?"

SNAP

A New Guinea native was asked to describe an American bombing attack on a Jap encampment. His report: "Plenty dead, plenty wounded, plenty good."

POTENT

San Diego, Calif.—That's quite a mixture being brewed at an amphibious training base at Transbay Coronage. Among those in training at the base's landing craft school are: I. O. Martini, S. J. Champagne, A. Cola, J. Beer, W. H. Redwine and M. Boozer.

NEWSBOY'S DREAM

Santa Fe, N. M.—When V-Day arrives, James Gervos wants the news, but fast. He inserted an ad in the Santa Fe New Mexican:

"\$10 will be paid the first newsboy to bring the Santa Fe New Mexican announcing the fall of Germany to Jim. The award will not be divided."

SORRY

Seattle Wash.—When an army sergeant headed back for his Alaskan outpost, Mrs. M. K. McChesney slipped an assortment of delicacies into his duffle bag, including a full chocolate malt can which she told him to share with his buddies. A letter from the sergeant informed the donor:

"The only reason I'm alive now is because we are all Christians. The can of malted milk you gave me turned out to be fruit jar rubbers.

"I was almost thrown into the sea."

BEDROOM RESULTS

Rhinlander, Wis.—Lt. Donald Karr, holder of the Silver Star, DFC and Air Medal, was intent on surprising his parents on his return from the European Theatre.

He reached Rinlander in the small hours of the morning, slipped into the old home and into the room his parents slept.

"Surprise!" shouted Lt. Karr.

But his parents had moved. The Fly-

ing Fortress pilot, veteran of 30 missions, mumbled an apology to the astounded strangers in the bedroom and fled.

FINNY'S FUNNIES

Mary had a little lamb
Some salad and dessert.
Then gave the guy the wrong address
The dirty little flirt.

Barber—"You say you've been here before? I don't remember your face."
Customer—Probably not, it's all healed up now.

City man—"Why are those bees flying around so frantically?"
Farmer—"I guess they have hives."

Mother—"Where have you been all afternoon, son?"
Son—"Shooting craps."
Mother—"That must stop immediately. Those things have just as much right to live as you have."

Single Sam "Before you married you said that a pretty girl is like a melody. Do you still think so?"
Married Mort—"Nope, I changed my tune about this fool notion the first night I came home and faced the music."

Rookie—"What must a soldier be to be buried with honors?"
2nd ditto—"A captain."
1st Ditto—"I thought he had to be dead."

Joan—"When you were in Washington, did you see the great seal of the U. S.?"
Jean—"No, I didn't have time to visit the zoo."

Moron—"May I take your watch to school this afternoon?"
Myron—"Why?"
Moron—"I'm secretary of our new club, and the teacher said I have to copy the minutes."

She—"Tomorrow, dear, is our 25th wedding anniversary. I'll kill a chicken."
He—"Why punish the chicken for what happened 25 years ago?"

Mike, catching his friend kissing his ugly and fat wife, exclaims: "I must, but why do you?"

Rookie (at target practice)—"Notice any improvement in me?"
Sarge—"Yeah, your hair looks better parted in the middle."

"Were you at the hospital last week?"
"Yes, I had a terribly high fever."
"What did they give you to slow down your heart action?"
"An old nurse."

"I joined the army for three reasons.
1. I wanted to fight to defend my country. 2. I knew it would build me up physically. 3. They came and got me."

She—"You used to say that I was the whole world to you."
He—"Yeah, but I've learned some geography since."